

## CHARIVARIA.

"THIS great and good Government to which I belong," said Lord HALDANE in a speech the other day, "is, like other things, mortal, and will be tumbled over one day." The LORD CHANCELLOR's cheery optimism never seems to desert him.

We hear that our WAR MINISTER is not at all ashamed of the figures at his by-election. Any military man will tell you, he says, that it is unusual for a Colonel to get his Majority at all.

In his survey of our Colonies Mr. HARCOURT remarked that in the East African Protectorate ostrich-farming was suffering from the depredations of large vermin—if it was permitted to apply such a term to lions. Some of our foreign friends, we believe, apply that term to the British lion without permission.

A brick to which was attached a message to Mr. McKENNA was thrown through the window of a Manchester post-office last week. We understand that, as the brick was not stamped, the message was not delivered.

Mr. BALFOUR, according to a stop-press item in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, stated in the House that to say that the Home Rule Bill would establish any form of supremacy of the British Parliament was a gross and improper way of dealing with "uninformed public opinion." This reminds one that a little while ago another newspaper referred to our "neatly uninformed messenger-boys."

The Royal Academy has presented to the House of Commons a picture entitled "Tumult in the House." Hearing that it represents a scene in the early seventeenth century, when two Members held the SPEAKER in the chair, an old lady remarked that, thank Heaven, Speakers were more sober nowadays.

"A German Lieutenant named DAHM has been arrested near Warsaw on a charge of espionage." Of course that may be the officer's own name, though

it sounds more like the name by which he addressed the person who arrested him.

GIUSEPPE BELLETIERI, a once famous brigand, has been pardoned by the King of ITALY after 47 years in prison. As he is now over 70 it will be difficult for him to learn a new trade, and his admirers, we understand, are about to petition the Government to allow him to continue his old calling.

shire," for instance, always sounds better somehow than "Chatsworth, 35, Jubilee Crescent, Margate."

Several accounts of singing mice have been given in the papers recently. We have also heard excellent music from Herr WURM's band.

It was bound to come, of course. A pyjama dance has been invented. Meanwhile we are informed that the statement in a provincial contemporary that the daughter of a clergyman will give an exhibition of shirt-dancing at a forthcoming concert is a pure misprint.

Under its new lessee (Mr. LOUIS MEYER) the Whitney Theatre, we are informed, will again be named the Strand Theatre. While we shall make every effort to keep our readers informed of changes in the name of this house, it must be remembered that we only appear once a week.

At the annual display of the London Fire Brigade in Battersea Park, the PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD made a speech of very great length. As an object lesson to show how the members of the Brigade can suffer from BURNS without a murmur the oration was a success.

We would desire as modestly as possible to draw attention to our almost supernatural restraint in making no comment on the fact that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL last week kissed the Blarney Stone. Still, we may perhaps be permitted to quote the following headlines from *The Daily News*, etc.:—

"FIRST LORD KISSES BLARNEY STONE. SIGNIFICANT ANSWER TO DOCKYARD DEPUTATION."

It has been decided to allow cadet corps to be formed in L. C. C. schools. As it can only have the result of turning out better citizens we are amazed that there has been no outcry against this decision.

"The invalid who appealed to *Express* readers for an old gramophone," says that paper, "is to be made happy." Yes, but what about his neighbours?



G. L. SCAMPER.  
1912.

Alf (selecting very gaudy tie). "I RATHER FANCY THIS ONE—OR DO YOU THINK IT KILLS THE FACE?"  
Shopman. "NOT FOURS, SIR. YOUR FACE HAS SO MUCH CHARACTER, YOU'D BE PERFECTLY SAFE!"

The Pekin-to-Paris aeroplane race has been postponed from next September to May 1913. It will, of course, be difficult to make this alteration known to the countless millions in China, and it is feared that many of these will take up positions on the course in September and will wait there with true Oriental patience until the race occurs.

Opposition, we read, has been created among residents of Beaconsfield by an Urban Council order that the houses there shall be numbered. It is, of course, annoying. "Chatsworth, Derby-

## TO A PASSIVE RESISTER.

[In the matter of the National Health Insurance Act.]

I HOLD no partial brief for those  
Who made the thing. I do not care  
Much for this Act which you propose  
To burn upon the public square;  
I deem the optimists a little rash  
Who tell us it will make a new and genial  
Strand in the silken ropes that firmly lash  
The mistress to the menial.

I do not find it *comme il faut*—  
The thought that, just because it fits  
GEORGE'S convenience, I should go  
Cadging about for three-penny bits;  
Little it weighs for me in pleasure's scale  
That those who sweep my dust or serve my dinners  
Should put me in the selfsame odious pale  
With publicans and sinners.

Yet am I not of your intent  
Who press the wall with stubborn backs,  
Saying, "We will not pay a cent,  
We will resist this rotten tax;  
Untouched by us these loathsome cards shall lie;  
Yon tawdry stamp—no tongue of ours shall lick it!"  
And fondly hope to hear the people cry:  
"Brave fellows! This is cricket!"

They won't. They know the game too well.  
*The Mail* may call it slow and tame,  
But cricket keeps its ancient spell  
As being still a sportsman's game;  
They know that players, when they're fairly beat,  
Do not ignite the enemy's pavilion,  
Dance on the umpire's face with spiky feet  
Or paint the pitch vermilion.

And so with sport of any style—  
Each has its rules by which we play;  
We take our beating with a smile  
In hope to win another day;  
Thus, when we meet again in rival camps,  
We may expect the foe, should we outscore 'em,  
To bear their licking (though it be of stamps)  
With similar decorum.

Yet, if the martyr-spirit still  
Burns like a flame inside your maw,  
I see a way to have your will  
Without the lightest breach of law;  
No free-born Briton can be brought to book  
For Servants' Taxes if from off the scene he  
Discharge his retinue—from Jane (the cook)  
To Josephine (the tweenie).

Then, when you call yourself at six  
Responsive to the milkman's toots,  
Polish the kitchen grate and fix  
The blacking on the household's boots;  
Now washing saucers by the pantry-sink,  
Now chasing beetles when the night is stilly—  
Each common task will give you joy to think  
You're making LLOYD look silly. O. S.

"Mr. — and Mr. — have been spending the week in Canada in a fishing expectation."—*Rochester (N.Z.) Post Express*.  
One can easily do that for more than a week.

## ADVERTISING THE ACT.

(A hint to the Insurance Commissioners.)

## THE AGE OF HUSTLE.

This age of Aeroplanes, Suffragettes, Wireless Telegraphy, BEN TILLET, etc., is playing havoc with the nerves of the average Domestic Servant. She is asked to bear a strain calculated at four times greater than that which her grandmother had to bear.

To meet these new conditions the nerves require new strength. Mistresses who have nervous, tired, overworked domestic drudges will find that Dr. DAVID'S SOOTHING STAMPS FOR SICK SERVANTS will supply them with new energy, new power to carry them through their daily task.

Pleasant to the taste. On sale everywhere.

Price 6d. each.

## "EVERYBODY'S DOING IT."

*The New Card Game.*

MISTRESS AND MAID.

"Licks Creation. . . ."—*Mr. Hilaire Belloc*."Mistress and Maid" has come to stick. . . ."—*Humorous Press*.6<sup>d</sup>. MISTRESS AND MAID. 6<sup>d</sup>.

## "HELTHO."

THE NEW NATIONAL FOOD.

*Made of the Best Fruits—Rare and Refreshing.*

"HELTHO" is not a luxury but a necessity.

Benefits everybody, from the largest employer of Labour to the humblest charwoman.

What is the secret of Britain's great wealth O?  
Surely the answer can only be "HELTHO."

## "STAMPITON."

"The more you lick it the better it sticks."

Paints everything *couleur-de-rose*.

FOR FACTORIES, SHOPS, OFFICES, AND THE HOME.

May we send you a sample card?

Contractors to His Majesty's Government.

## I HAVE FOUND THE CURE FOR FATNESS.

EVERY woman has always a horror of fatness. I have found the cure and have implicit faith in what it can do for those who have not yet tried it.

"LIKKO" freed me from 8st. 5lb. of fat in three weeks!

## I WANT YOU TO TRY IT.

Here are a few letters from ladies who suffered as I did, who are grateful to "LIKKO" and can't help telling me so:—

*Almost forgotten I was fat.*

I have almost forgotten I ever *was* fat since I began "LIKKO." I had to walk eight miles last Sunday to get a stamp and lost another 4 lbs.

Penzance (1278). Yours gratefully, (Mrs.) W. T.

*No double chin now.*

I feel years younger since using "LIKKO." I have a large staff of servants and can run about after them to see if their cards are all in order like a young tax-collector, though I am 55 next week.

Alperton (678). Yours sincerely, (Miss) M. D.

*84 lbs. lighter in 5 days.*

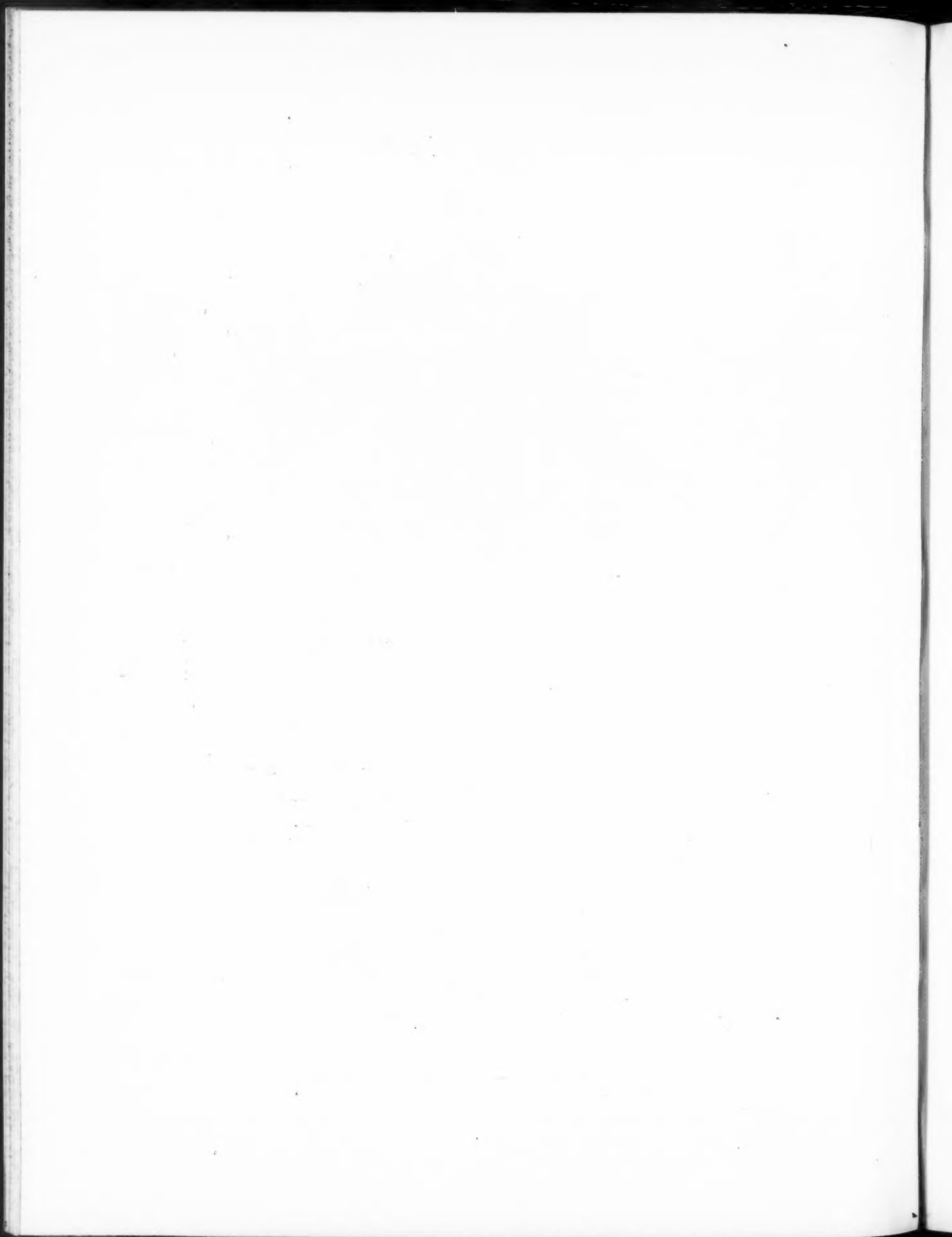
I have much pleasure in telling you that "LIKKO" has made me more fit and less fat already. Four weeks ago I could hardly crawl to the Albert Hall. In five days it made me 84 lbs. lighter, and now I can walk briskly from here to Lady St. Helier's.

West Kensington (4378). Yours truly, (Mrs.) R. W.



### THE GLORIOUS FIFTEENTH.

OUR ST. SEBASTIAN. "AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AFTER THESE REFRESHING PRELIMINARIES, LET US GET TO BUSINESS."







Second. "Now, now, JULES, NO MORE. ANOTHER MINUTE OF THIS AND THE EXTRA VEST I LENT YOU WILL BE WORTH NOTHING. I HAD NO IDEA YOU WOULD BE SO ROUGH."

### THE STORY OF ROBERT; OR, THE SILVER LINING.

FAR off from here, I ween, there is a widow  
In a grey by-street in a Northern town,  
Named Smith or Jones, or Wilkinson or Prideaux  
(One must have rhymes), struck down  
By anguish, with an only son,  
Her working days long past and done—  
I say there must be such an one  
Renting a small cot near The Rose and Crown,

A public, where her husband died of tipping,  
A bad lot he, too prone to drink and sports;  
And now the little son, the merest stripling,  
His mother's age supports;  
Someone who felt compassion's throb  
Or liked the boy (I've called him Bob)  
Found him, I feel convinced, a job,  
Not a well-paid one, but a job of sorts.

They put the youth into a rubber factory,  
And there his scanty wage made both ends meet,  
Till this year, when the Fates got more refractory,  
Through the high price of wheat  
Or coals or what not; though they ate  
Little enough, they fell in debt,  
And so things were when, wild and wet,  
June faded and July came robed in sleet.

And one grim morning (shall we dare bemoan us,  
We whom so little fear of famine irks?)  
The boy came back and shouted, "Hey! a bonus,  
A bonus at the works!

The manager came round to say  
Profits had been that big, they'd pay  
Five pounds to all of us this day;  
A bonus, mother! "There you have the cires.

The rain descends in unremitting sploshes,  
With ceaseless floods the flag-stones may be laved,  
But think of that big boom in mackintoshes,  
And how that pair was saved.  
Henley may be a trifle marred,  
Cricket at Lord's the swamps retard,  
But joy wells up within the bard  
In looking on that picture dream-engraved.

And so if Tom or Henry or some other  
Speaks of our climate with an angry frown,  
I tell to him the tale of Robert's mother  
In that dark Northern town.

"We cannot solve life's mysteries"  
(I tell him), "but I'm sure there is  
Some bright side to all tragedies;"  
And Tom or Henry bolts the bad words down.

EVOR.

"I have no wife; my daughter (unmarried) keeps house for me, and has done so for nine years. I do not pay her any wages, but give her a certain sum every week, which she pays out to the best advantage."—*Durham.*

Your sister will not come under the Act."—*National Insurance Weekly.*  
Nothing, you see, about the daughter. A very cowardly answer.

"We marked only one loose ball that he sent down. It was a shortish one and went to the wrong batsman to escape."—*Morning Post.*  
Very wise of it.

## ALL (OR NEARLY ALL) THE STARS.

HOWEVER much they enjoyed their evening at the Palace on Monday, July 1st, let not THEIR MAJESTIES rest satisfied that they have seen a music-hall, or that the variety stage now withholds no secret from them; for it is not so. They witnessed a remarkable entertainment in a bower of roses, and laughed consumedly at certain individuals; but they have not seen a music-hall. Their only chance of so doing is to be carefully disguised and pay a surprise visit to one of the more popular two-houses-a-night establishments; and if ever they take this bold step the odds are immense, judging by royal predilections at the Palace, that it will be a hall whose programme includes HARRY TATE and GEORGE ROBESY. But, until that adventure is undertaken, THEIR MAJESTIES have enough to ruminate upon in the memory of what diversity of talent can go to make up a score or so of British subjects.

Always excepting PAVLOVA, as being an exotic and in a way an accident in this historic programme, the interesting thing to record is the fact, already hinted at, that the performers who best pleased THEIR MAJESTIES, if laughter and visible delight are true guides, were two such thorough-going music-hall comedians. It is possible that, if VESTA TILLEY had sung her soldier song instead of the obsolete ditty she chose, or HARRY LAUDER had come on earlier and given of his best, instead of his second best, or WILKIE BARD had revived an old favourite, or LITTLE TICH had indulged in some of his patter, the isolation of HARRY TATE and GEORGE ROBESY would have been less noticeable. But we must judge by the materials before us, and as things went there is no doubt whatever that these two made the deepest impression on the house as a whole and the royal box in particular.

In addition to HARRY TATE, the BOGANNYS, as Chinese acrobats in no way impaired by opium, had done much to raise the temperature to something approaching true music-hall heat, but it was left for that irresponsible robust cynic, GEORGE ROBESY, to send the mercury to its highest pitch. The audience

fell to him instantly, and HER MAJESTY first of all. It is as well that this was so, for ROBESY brought more of the real spirit of the halls than anyone else into the programme, and his triumph therefore may be called the justification of the experiment. His success in the royal box proves that the variety stage has more to offer the Throne than the Throne suspected; only a THACKERAY could do justice to the impact of the one GEORGE upon the regal OTHER.

None of the other true children of the halls "bit" as ROBESY did. His hard uncompromising challenging way, almost as though he etched where others draw with pencil and brush, his profound behind-the-scenic air when touching upon humanity's foibles, his

it; but these sidelong thrusts at himself, which ordinarily would have rejoiced the house, here, among so many aliens from high places, did not carry.

It was ROBESY's triumph that he made everything carry—word, gesture and expression. Not in any hall in England, however packed with the necessitous, could a more instant volume of laughter have followed his sally about the attentions of his aristocratic friend, Count Rendered, than went up from the plutocratic occupants of stalls at ten guineas apiece: a circumstance for the comedian to add to his already remarkable collection of sidelights on life.

It was in every way a memorable performance. Considering that there were so many performers and each had a different scene, and some—such as WILKIE BARD, C. T. ALDRICH and ALFRED LESTER—brought elaborate properties, perhaps the most notable thing of all was the celerity and ease with which turn succeeded to turn. There was never a moment's delay and nothing went wrong. Whoever was responsible for this deserves the highest commendation.



(One reads in the papers from time to time of houses built on the border-line of two parishes; but one hardly realises how exciting it must be for the inhabitants.)

"COME BACK INTO WAMPTON, GRANFETTER, THE BAFFLECOOMBE TAXMAN'S A-COMING."

nonsense and his vigour, must have come as new things. His superb confidence made almost every one else a little nebular; even HARRY LAUDER, usually so masterful, was in a minor key, WILKIE BARD all woolly, and poor CHIRGWIN toiled in vain. White-eyed Kaffirs never boomed less. This was a pity, because he was the only performer of the evening who had prepared anything special and peculiar to it—a little recitation on the First of July, which merely perplexed the audience unfamiliar with his naive idiosyncracies (and CHIRGWIN takes many years to know, and, indeed, the prosperity of his quarter of an hour depends always as much on the audience as himself) and drew only the applause of sympathy. But CHIRGWIN, like the true fantasmagorist that he is, turned his failure to account by remarking that he had thought the poem would have gone better, especially as he had spent all that day in learning

end of the latter thoroughfare of its own record."—*Calcutta Empire*.

We should have looked the other way.

"Max Decugis v. A. H. Gobert . . . Decugis . . . Deengis . . . Deenghis."—*Evening News*. After this we feel that we should like to see an account of a match between Decugis and Mavrogordato.

"It seems that in 1907 a Bill was introduced into the Commons which was very offensive to his most gracious Majesty King Richard II."—*S. L. H.* in "*The Daily News*."

As His Majesty was minus 59 at this time he cannot really have been much annoyed about it.

"One has heard of the story of the ostrich hiding his head in a stack of hay, while leaving its body exposed."—*Ceylon Morning Leader*.

The story is new to us, but we assume that the bird was looking for the needle.

## ALPHONSE—"SPORTSMAN."

He had dark curly hair, and his side-whiskers would have done credit to an English butler of Fifth Avenue. That his name was Alphonse I have not the slightest doubt, and when I met him first he was attired in football knickerbockers, a noisy blazer of no particular cut, running shoes equipped with regulation three-quarter-inch spikes, and a cheery cherry-coloured skull-cap with a gold tassel. A welter leather cricket ball was gathered in his left hand, and, from the knowing look in his eye, I felt that Alphonse was about to deliver a subtle googly ready to break both ways—win or place.

I passed him in haste, but the encounter left me with some realisation of that passionate enthusiasm for sport which has swept across Belgium from its sea front to its remotest boundaries.

Some weeks later I saw Alphonse again—the merest glimpse. He did not recognise me, and but for the side-whiskers he too might have gone unrecognised. As it was, for one vivid instant he appeared, clad in a nondescript sweater, white flannel trousers and tennis shoes (probably doe-skin). He was in act to smite over his head into the void with a hockey stick wonderfully poised in his gloved hand. Clearly Alphonse was a trier.

After that I frequently passed him of an afternoon. I began to look upon him as a friend and one in whose prowess I could take legitimate pride. It is not every "sportman" who can play tennis in football boots and wearing six-ounce boxing gloves. Perhaps Alphonse was doing it for a wager. If so, he probably won, for when I passed him he had the air of having just brought off a lovely cut which, I am confident, eluded slip and trickled to the boundary.

There was something so consistently surprising about each new encounter with Alphonse that I ceased to be surprised until the outrage occurred. As a fisherman I fancy he could have told many a good story. I saw him once in a mackintosh and waders, seated on a three-cornered stool and having just succeeded in casting an artificial roach with a fly rod for pike. The luncheon basket at his side was empty. On a motor bicycle, with yachting cap and khaki putties; passing out at Rugger in long trousers and a Norfolk jacket; racing down the wing in a rainproof overcoat at Soccer; in these and in many other sports beyond my knowledge Alphonse was magnificent. Through all, my friendship for him grew, became indeed more real a thing even as the faint suggestion of pathos,



*The Blood.* "WISH THE OLD BLIGHTY WOULD STOP HIS JAW FOR HALF A SEC.; CAN'T GET A WORD IN. NEVER SEEMS TO ENTER HIS SILLY OLD HEAD THAT SHE MAY WISH TO BE AMUSED OCCASIONALLY."

of effort misplaced, became more noticeable.

It was indeed when I had grown to love him almost as a brother that the blow fell—crushing in its utter finality. As a man with a handicap of only 23 at Tuffleigh-under-Wotten I may fairly claim some knowledge of the greatest game. Well, on that fatal afternoon I found Alphonse brazenly committing sacrilege at Golf. A scarlet jacket, running shorts indecently abbreviated, cricket boots and a bowler constituted his outrageous attire. That was what I saw first, but when I got near enough to see what he was doing my blood positively boiled. Friendship was killed in a single instant.

With an inarticulate cry of rage I darted into the shop. "Look here,"

said I fiercely, "I don't know who dresses your confounded dummy, but he ought to be suspended from all games whatever except spillikens, tiddley-winks, and tossing the caber. For weeks I have endured everything, but this, *this*!"—I choked—"is too much."

The sports outfitter gazed at me with evident admiration. He saw at once that I was an Englishman, and therefore a "sportman." But I was not to be pacified.

"Do—do you know," I spluttered, "what the scoundrel has done now? Why, he's made Alphonse tee up on the green, select a brassy as his weapon, and open his shoulders to the limit for a two foot putt."

Emotion mastered me and I went out. I had seen the last of Alphonse for ever.



## THE DOUBLE.

I was having lunch in one of those places where you stand and eat sandwiches until you are tired, and then try to count up how many you have had. As the charm of these sandwiches is that they all taste exactly alike, it is difficult to recall each individual as it went down; one feels, too, after the last sandwich, that one's mind would more willingly dwell upon other matters. Personally I detest the whole business—the place, the sandwiches, the method of scoring—but it is convenient and quick, and I cannot keep away. On this afternoon I was giving the *foie gras* plate a turn. I know a man who will never touch *foie gras* because of the cruelty involved in the preparation of it. I excuse myself on the ground that my own sufferings in eating these sandwiches are much greater than those of any goose in providing them.

There was a grey-haired man in the corner who kept looking at me. I seemed to myself to be behaving with sufficient propriety, and there was nothing in my clothes or appearance to invite comment; for in the working quarter of London a high standard of beauty is not insisted upon. On the next occasion when I caught his eye I frowned at him, and a moment later I found myself trying to stare him down. After two minutes it was I who retired in confusion to my glass.

As I prepared to go—for to be watched at meals makes me nervous, and leads me sometimes to eat the card with "Foie Gras" on it in mistake for the sandwich—he came up to me and raised his hat.

"You must excuse me, Sir, for staring at you," he said, "but has anyone ever told you that you are exactly like A. E. Barrett?"

I drew myself up and rested my left hand lightly on my hip. I thought he said DAVID GARRICK.

"The very image of him," he went on, "when first I met him."

Something told me that in spite of his grey hair he was not talking of DAVID GARRICK after all.

"Like *who*?" I said in some disappointment.

"A. E. Barrett."

I tried to think of a reply, both graceful and witty. The only one I could think of was, "Oh?"

"It's extraordinary. If your hair were just a little longer the likeness would be perfect."

I thought of offering to go away now and come back in a month's time. Anyway, it would be an excuse for going now.

"I first knew him at Cambridge," he explained. "We were up together in the seventies."

"Ah, I was up in the nineteen hundreds," I said. "I just missed you both."

"Well, didn't they ever tell you at Cambridge that you were the image of A. E. Barrett?"

I tried to think. They had told me lots of things at Cambridge, but I couldn't remember any chat about A. E. Barrett.

"I should have thought every one would have noticed it," he said.

I had something graceful for him this time all right.

"Probably," I said, "those who were unfortunate enough to know me had not the honour of knowing A. E. Barrett."

"But everybody knew A. E. Barrett. You've heard of him, of course?"

The dreadful moment had arrived. I knew it would.

"Of course," I said.

"A charming fellow."

"Very brainy," I agreed.

"Well, just ask any of your artist friends if they don't notice the likeness. The nose, the eyes, the expression—wonderful! But I must be going. Perhaps I shall see you here again some day. Good afternoon;" and he raised his hat and left me.

You can understand that I was considerably disturbed. First, why had I never heard of A. E. Barrett? Secondly, what sort of looking fellow was he? Thirdly, with all this talk about A. E. Barrett, how ever many sandwiches had I eaten? The last question seemed the most impossible to answer, so I said "eight," to be on the safe side, and went back to work.

In the evening I called upon Peter. My acquaintance of the afternoon had assumed too readily that I should allow myself to be on friendly terms with artists; but Peter's wife illustrates books, and they both talk in a familiar way of our greatest Academicians.

"Who," I began at once, as I shook hands, "did I remind you of as I came in at the door?"

Peter was silent. Mrs. Peter, feeling that some answer was called for, said, "The cat."

"No, no. Now I'll come in again." I went out and returned dramatically.

"Now then, tell me frankly, doesn't that remind you of A. E. Barrett entering his studio?"

"Who is A. E. Barrett?"

I was amazed at their ignorance.

"He's the well-known artist. Surely you've heard of him?"

"I seem to know the name," lied Peter. "What did he paint?"

"Sunrise on the Alps," "A Corner of the West," "The Long Day Wanes"—I don't know. Something. The usual thing."

"And are you supposed to be like him?"

"I am. Particularly when eating sandwiches."

"Is it worth while getting you some, in order to observe the likeness?" asked Mrs. Peter.

"If you've never seen A. E. Barrett I fear you'd miss the likeness, even in the most favourable circumstances. Anyhow, you must have heard of him—dear old A. E.!"

They were utterly ignorant of him, so I sat down and told them what I knew; which, put shortly, was that he was a very remarkable-looking fellow.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have not been to the sandwich-place since. Detesting the sandwiches as I do, I find A. E. Barrett a good excuse for keeping away. For, upon the day after that when he came into my life, I had a sudden cold fear that the thing was a plant. How, in what way, I cannot imagine. That I am to be sold a *Guide to Cambridge* at the next meeting; that an A. E. Barrett hair-restorer is about to be placed on the market; that an offer will be made to enlarge my photograph (or Barrett's) free of charge if I buy the frame—no, I cannot think what it can be.

Yet, after all, why should it be a plant? We Barretts are not the sort of men to be mixed up with fraud. Impetuous the Barrett type may be, obstinate, jealous—so much you see in our features. But dishonest? Never!

Still, as I did honestly detest those last eight sandwiches, I shall stay away. A. A. M.

"If he is not quite as good a bowler as P. R. Le Couteur—and I am convinced he is now, though with less experience, a better—he is quite as good."

Mr. E. H. D. Sewell in "The Evening Standard." We congratulate Mr. SEWELL on the clever way in which he alters his meaning without any perceptible change in his action.

"In view of the prevailing desire of the Chinese to conform to Western standards and of the marked tendency in the middle and upper classes towards the increased use of luxuries, there should be a widening market for such articles as celluloid collars and cuffs."

Board of Trade Journal.

We have always regarded a celluloid collar as a necessity.

"One of the most noteworthy incidents in the round was his holing out with his tie-shot at the 12th, a hole which measures 205 yards."

Morning Post.

Our record detachable-shirt-front shot is 150 yards.



## THE MARTYRS.

THEY arrived—carriage paid—just before afternoon school, and from the moment of their arrival the dull monotony of Staff Room life was charged with all the delirium of high romance.

Nicodemus, short and suspiciously stumpy for a pedigree newt (the Art Mistress pointed out that his tail in particular was hopelessly out of drawing) clambered instantly to the top of the tree that forms the piece of resistance (if the Gallicism be permitted) of our new aquarium; but his companion, evidently a confirmed pessimist, sank so determinedly into the darkest recesses of the sanded floor that we decided in sheer humanity to respect his incognito.

At lunch next day it was observed that Nicodemus, touched probably with the modern spirit of restlessness, had impulsively abandoned his coat. "How too perfectly sweet of him!" cooed Miss Simpson (Miss Simpson stands for "Science" on the Staff). "Most ungentlemanly conduct, I should call it," sniffed the Senior Mathematical Mistress—ever a precisian—and was vehemently applauded by Mademoiselle, who fled shuddering out into the corridor, only to be further embarrassed by a stream of Middle School admirers bearing gifts—the slimiest duckweed, the most succulent slugs—and was finally discovered in the Art Room thanking just Heaven that plaster casts at least are inanimate.

Nicodemus, borne triumphantly in a bottle from class to class—Anonymous, at his own desire, remained at home—so identified himself with his environment that whenever the lesson bell rang he was to be detected making conscientious efforts to take his place with the school. His restlessness was further increased by the passion—natural enough perhaps—that he had contracted for Miss Simpson, who, arriving early on the second morning, was met by the affectionate fellow on the stairs. Rising next day betimes in the hope of a similar interview, he unfortunately encountered a charwoman, who went at once into hysterics and threw up her office. On the following morning he was with considerable difficulty retrieved from behind the hot-water pipes in the Laboratory—an apartment he had learned to associate with his adored Mistress—and cast ignominiously back into his hated prison and roofed in with a stout Greek lexicon. The same hour the lethargic Anonymous was reported missing. Mademoiselle, under escort, crept warily to her classes in the housekeeper's goloshes, and the



Mick. "WHISHT, JERRY, I'VE FORGOTTEN ME COMPASS. PHWAT WAY DID THE HERALD SAY THE WIND WAS BLOWIN' THIS MARNIN'?"

popularity of Miss Simpson, now convicted of gross negligence in the care of school property, suffered complete eclipse.

All day the search for Anonymous went on, one relief party going so far as to patrol the tower roof; while another, armed with bicycle lamps, investigated the coal-hole. When the morrow dawned our worst fears were confirmed. Nicodemus was found distended—dead. "Of grief," wailed Miss Simpson; but the Classics Mistress (local Hon. Sec. S.P.C.A.) hinted darkly at asphyxia. Worse, we learned how we had wronged the lofty-souled Anonymous. While we had deemed him sullen he had but been brooding over Rule XI.: "Every article found on the school premises without a name shall be brought immediately to the office. Penalty 3d.,"

which hung above his head. When the prefect in charge came to clear the forfeit cupboard, there, on the threshold, stark and cold, but with the smile of one whose conscience is at last at peace, lay our lost Anonymous. A legend still current in the Sixth relates that his right hand or foot (reports vary) was lying on an I.O.U. for the statutory fine.

The Middle School set aside its grief and gave the heroes—martyrs to love and duty—a sumptuous funeral. The epitaph, carried out in poker-work by the Fourth Remove, was composed by a Third Form poet:—

"Here lies our dear Anonymous,  
And by his side Nicodemus;  
Although 'tis wrong to make a fuss,  
Their loss is ringing (wringing?)  
tears from us."



Golfer. "HAVE YOU SEEN MY BALL, SIR?" Wounded Party. "YES, SIR; THERE IT IS, CONFOUND YOU! NEARLY KILLED——"  
Golfer. "JOVE! BIT OF LUCK, EH! I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING OUT OF BOUNDS."

### A SONG OF DISCIPLESHIP.

(After reading "Gems from Wilcox.")

Good friends, whom Care, firm seated on the crupper,  
Besets with an uncompromising zest,  
Give ear to one who, steeped in MARTIN TUPPER,  
Can promise you redemption from unrest;  
It is a sort of magic mental KEATING,  
That bids all irritating worries fly,  
If you but keep incessantly repeating,  
"There's a good time coming by-and-by."

When tailors grow aggressive in their dunning;  
When butchers are bombarding you with bills;  
And when, in holy horror of outrunning  
The constable, you think of rifling tills—  
Don't join the ranks of malefactors, matey,  
Don't be alarmed by Snip's repeated cry;  
Sit tight, your aunt Jemima's nearly eighty;  
"There's a good time coming by-and-by."

If when dressing for a most important dinner  
You gash your chin and cannot stanch the gore;  
If you never back a solitary winner,  
If your handicap is raised to 24—  
Don't waste your time in fruitless execration;  
Don't say, "Oh, blow!" or "Bother it!" or "Fie!"  
But remark, with undefeated resignation,  
"There's a good time coming by-and-by."

If your wife has inconsiderately looted  
Your wardrobe to equip a jumble sale;  
Or if you find your parlour-maid has scotched  
With a burglar who has just come out of jail—  
Don't blame your wife in language tart and stinging,  
'Twill only start the tear-drop in her eye;  
But comfort her by chivalrously singing,  
"There's a good time coming by-and-by."

If you send a very tasty set of verses  
To the Editor of *Answers* or *The Times*;  
And a printed form, that lamentably terse is,  
Is all the comment passed upon your rhymes—  
Don't think at once of shooting Mr. BUCKLE  
Or of burning good Lord NORTHCLIFFE as a guy;  
But meditate on HOWORTH with a chuckle,  
And the good *Times* coming by-and-by.

If the stocks and shares in which you have invested  
Are liable to never-ending slumps;  
If your strawberries with slugs are all infested;  
If your children are afflicted with the mumps;  
If your wife shows serious symptoms of eloping—  
Don't heave the sullen and recurrent sigh;  
But like a gallant Trojan go on hoping:  
"There's a good time coming by-and-by."

When Tom, your son, that brilliant Eton scholar,  
Gets ploughed quite inexcusably in Smalls,  
And then still further aggravates your choler  
By marrying a lady from the Halls—  
Don't call her an unprincipled marauder,  
Although her looks are just a trifle sly;  
If Tom turns out a second HARRY LAUDER,  
"There's a good time coming by-and-by."

If you fail to get a coveted appointment;  
If your cockatoo is pestered with the croup;  
If you always find blue-bottles in your ointment,  
And now and then black-beetles in your soup—  
Don't hire a Christian Scientist or Healer;  
Don't drown your cares in Clicquot (very dry);  
But cantillate with WILCOX (ELLA WHEELER),  
"There's a good time coming by-and-by."

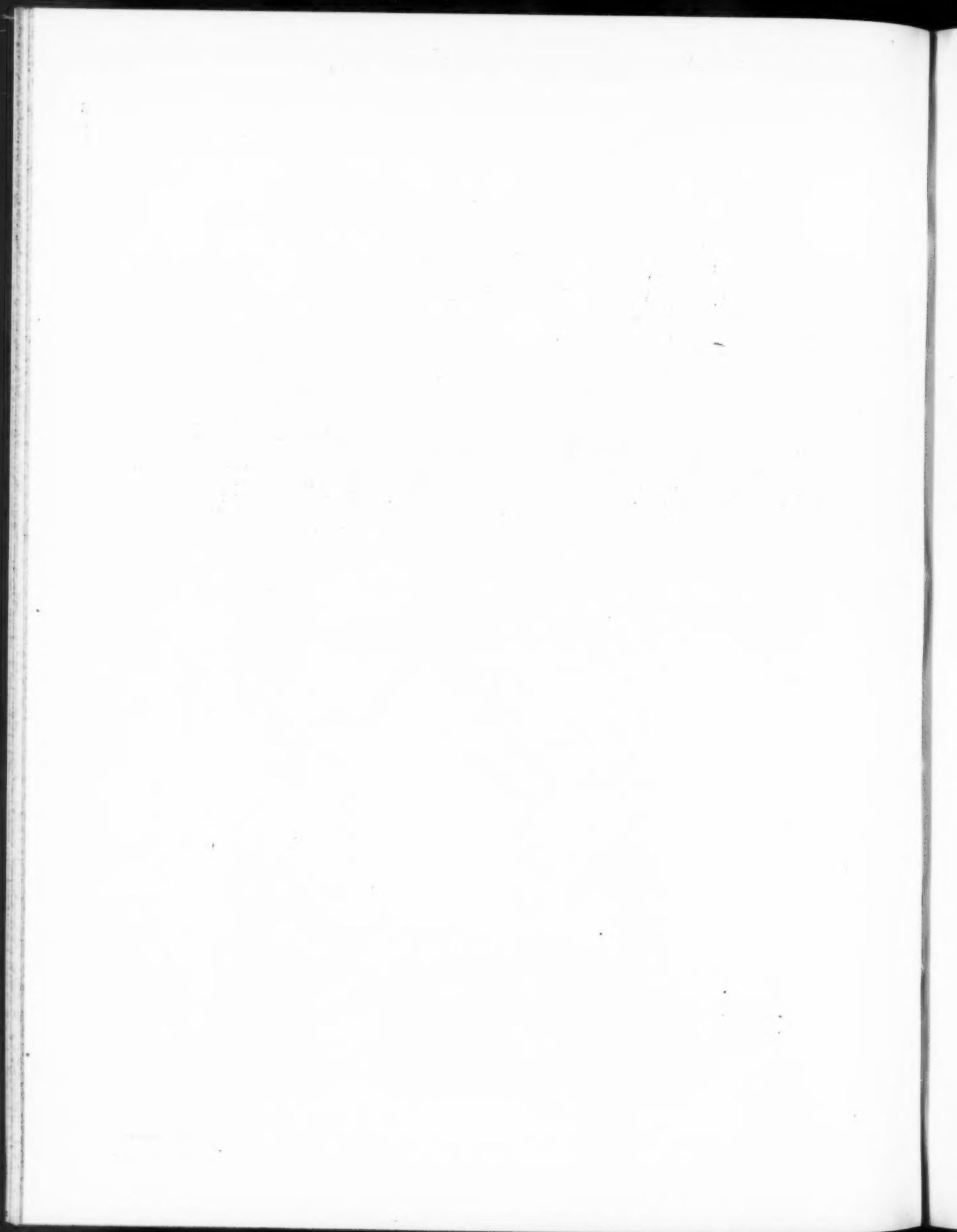


### THE TRIANGULAR TEST.

LIBERAL WHIP. "MY COW, I THINK."

LABOUR PARTY LEADER. "MY COW, I THINK."

UNIONIST CANDIDATE (milking). "MY CHANCE, ANYHOW."





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE PREMIER SITS OUT.

House of Commons, Monday, July 1. —DENMAN's eagle eye has discovered device practised in Unionist haunts which accounts for recent reductions of Ministerial majority. Disclosed it in question addressed to WEDGWOOD BENN, cherubic representative in this House of FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS. Wants to know "whether he is aware that the division bells ring in a certain Conservative club; and, seeing that this gives a party advantage to unpaired Conservative Members who are thereby enabled to take part in divisions without being within the precincts of the House, whether he will immediately take steps to have the arrangement terminated?"

BENN with instinct of constitutional Minister hesitates. All very well for CROMWELL to make sudden descent on House of Commons and thunder instructions to "Take away that bauble." But what authority is to raid the sanctuary of a private Club and forcibly cut off one of its private luxuries?

SARK says it has been done. It happened in the late Seventies, when the Parnellites were in full force, fight-

ing the Government almost literally tooth and nail. One night critical division was expected. Irish Members artfully prolonged discussion till patience of irritated Saxon was worn out. At that epoch it was the habit, more extensively observed than to-day, to while away dull sittings by prolonging the dinner-hour at the St. Stephen's Club, to which convenient access was provided by subterranean passage from Palace Yard. Custom leniently regarded by Whips, since the Club was connected with the House by a wire which rang a bell simultaneously with that clanging through rooms and corridors.

Dinner well advanced, the Irish Members permitted division to be taken. Ministerial Whip quite easy in mind. A fairly safe muster of men on the premises. With the St. Stephen's contingent hurrying over there would be quite the full average majority. Only three minutes to do the spurt in. With punctual start experience had repeatedly shown that that sufficed. A minute sped and there was silence on the stairway when the Whip

turned to listen for the welcoming tramp of returning Members. Another minute and he began to have quickened sympathy with Mariana in the Moated Grange.

"They linger long," he said. He said, "I am weary, weary, I would that I were dead."

Division took place in absence of the diners-out. Ministerial defeat averted by narrow majority. In response to furious enquiries from irate Whip, explanation forthcoming. The wire connecting House and Club dining-room had been surreptitiously cut. In vain the bell rang through the precincts of the House. It was dumb in the Club dining-room, where, as NERO fiddled whilst Rome burnt, loyal Ministerialists unconcernedly ate and drank whilst life of the Government was in peril.

But that is another story which SARK hopes will not suggest evil design.

WEDGWOOD BENN, whilst hating to refuse anything to anybody, was unable to encourage desire for Ministerial interference in the matter. What with the Insurance Act, the Dock Strike, Naval

arrangements in the Mediterranean, Consols at 76½ and, on top of all, outbreak of Cattle Disease, the Government have sufficient on their hands without stretching them forth to pluck down bell-wires in neighbouring clubs.

*Business done.*—By 254 votes against 188 resolved that, "In the opinion of this House, it is expedient that the representatives of the employers' and the workmen's organisations involved in the present dispute in the Port of London should meet, with a view to arriving at a settlement."

In the play of this particular hand the PREMIER "sat out." Abstained from voting.

*Tuesday.*—Back for a while in good old times. One of the legacies conferred upon House by PRINCE ARTHUR, sufficient of itself to keep his memory green, is the Standing Order limiting what is paradoxically called the Question hour. Business commences at ten minutes to three. If questions put down for oral reply are not disposed of by a quarter to four they are answered, as all questions should be, on a printed paper circulated with the votes. Sharp on the stroke of a quarter to four real business begins. To-day, with Home Rule Bill first Order, it was twenty-five minutes to five before House got into Committee. Interval filled up with irregular debates on spread of cattle plague and religious tourney in Ulster, personal statement from Lord ROBERT CECIL thrown in.

Naturally debate on Ulster affair the liveliest. Allegation was that a party of excursionists, largely composed of women and children, were assailed by body of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, who differ from them on certain theological questions. According to story by GORDON, an Ulster Member, the Roman Catholics were wholly to blame. The affair arose upon the action of an Ancient Hibernian, presumably old enough to know better, who "dashed into the excursion party," enforcing his religious convictions with assistance of a shillelagh.

According to JOHN DILLON the Ancient Order of Hibernians were meek as lambs, unresisting victims of the theological arguments of the Orangemen, which took the concrete form of paving-stones and half bricks. According to report of police, read by ST. AUGUSTINE, there was lack of restraint in both religious camps. So impartial, not to say indiscriminate, the clash of polemics that one police sergeant was kicked in the stomach, and another bowled over with half a brick.

Effect of narrative upon WINTERTON and COUSIN HUGH extraordinary. Useful as affording House some idea of

an Ancient Hibernian out on the war-path, or an Orange-scarfed Protestant peremptory in demand of instant change of residence for the POPE. Apparently both had amendments to move or remarks to make. WINTERTON bobbed up from above the Gangway. Simultaneously COUSIN HUGH, arms and legs twitching, half rose from corner seat below Gangway. Too polite to stand in each other's way, each one, observing intention of his friend to speak, hurriedly resumed his seat. Whereupon less scrupulous Member on back bench got a look-in. Performance repeated *da capo*.

At last WINTERTON, his hands reverentially folded over his chest after the manner of saints in stained glass windows, found opportunity of giving notice to recur to the matter on motion for the adjournment. This



THE CHERUB.

MR. WEDGWOOD BENN.

he did, and at eleven o'clock we had the story all over again. But it had lost its freshness and the sense of stolen joy in starting debate in circumstances defiant of all rules of orderly procedure.

*Business done.*—Very little; forty minutes of sitting being filched for Supplementary Questions, and Members worked up to state of irritation unfavourable to sober debate.

*Thursday.*—The other day rousing cheer rose from both sides when, the INTERROGATIVE REESHAVING set forth ten questions in succession, the SPEAKER stopped him at the eighth, remarking that that was sufficiently large appropriation of the common time. HOGGE, taking note of this new ruling, discreetly observed it. Nevertheless, whilst guiding his course of action by it, *il marchait toute la route avec le cochon*. (That's Norman French. Perhaps I had better translate it. It simply means in our vernacular "He went the whole Hogge.") In brief, he occupied nearly a page of the Question paper with inquiries numbered from 53 to 60 inclusive.

That bad enough, being a fraction under one-tenth of the whole number. But the wily HOGGE averted possible interference from the Chair by subdividing each numbered question, thus working off a total of 18.

He was beaten by Mr. TOUCHE who, in a series of ten questions grouped under a single numeral, enthralled the House with biography of JOHN RICHARDS, of 60, Hatchards Road, Upper Holloway, N., whose father was born at Nassau, Bahama, West Indies, who went to school in Brand Street, Holloway, the birth of whose eldest daughter was registered at Somerset House 49 years ago, and who had fruitlessly applied for an old-age pension.

And this in a business assembly which sees before it the prospect of sitting into the month of March in order to deal with national affairs peremptorily crowded upon it!

*Business done.*—Army votes in Committee. SEELY makes first appearance as Secretary of State for War.

Writing last week about Mr. LANSBURY's attack on the PRIME MINISTER, I quoted a reminiscence by the MEMBER FOR SARK recalling an analogous scene, when an Irish Member approached the Treasury Bench with threatening attitude towards PRINCE ARTHUR, then Prime Minister. This action was attributed to Mr. THOMAS O'DONNELL, Member for West Kerry. Mr. O'DONNELL writes to disclaim identity with the Member responsible for the scene. I make haste to correct a confusion of names, and much regret any annoyance Mr. O'DONNELL may have suffered in consequence of it. According to *Hansard*, the Member suspended for the breach of order was Mr. JOHN O'DONNELL, Member for South Mayo.

"BRITAIN AND GERMANY.  
VIEWS OF PROMINENT MEN ON THEIR RELATIONS."—*Staffordshire Sentinel*.

The views of any man on his relations are always interesting.

Extract from the National Health Insurance Commission's "Official Explanatory Leaflet No. 16":—

"For example, let us imagine a servant who . . . remains in a situation for two years without a break."

We will try to imagine this; but there is no precedent for it in the case of our crockery.

"ROYAL SHOW  
SENSATION  
2,000 EXHIBITS  
SENT AWAY."

These headlines refer to the Cattle Disease and have nothing to do with the recent scandal in connection with the Royal Enclosure at Ascot.



## GARDEN SUBURB AMENITIES.

THE RESULT OF A WHIST DRIVE HAS DIVIDED THE NEIGHBOURS FITZBROWN AND DE SMYTHE, AND THEY ARE NOW NOT ON SPEAKING TERMS. IT IS COMFORTING TO KNOW THAT A PROMISING HEDGE SEPARATES THE TWO GARDENS.

## LINES TO A BUTLER.

THOMAS, it was a memorable dish!  
A miracle of culinary art!  
Where lettuce decked the rosy-tinted fish,  
And pale cucumber played no trifling part;  
The subtle vinegar a relish tart  
Gave to the wonder, but oh! most my praise  
Fell to those sauces—ah! be still, my heart!  
Truly I shall remember all my days  
The magic savour of that mayonnaise.

What wonder, Thomas, if you looked askance  
When my fond mother took a second share,  
Or sped o'er Juliet's head an anxious glance  
So as to see if she was playing fair?  
Paterfamilias with a gusto rare  
Put down a generous portion on his plate,  
So that I turned in haste to see if there  
Was any left remaining. I may state  
That I was sorry I got helped so late.

And then I saw, O Thomas, in your eye  
How fierce can be the agony that sears  
His soul who stands in mute remonstrance by  
While the last wreck of dishes disappears.

Nobly you bore the torment! But the tears,  
Slow oozing forth, a tedious passage gained  
Adown your cheeks befurrowed by the years.  
A sudden pity struck me; though it pained,  
I waved aside the surplus and refrained.

I saw, in fancy, Thomas, you and him,  
The author of the marvel, eyed by all  
That crowd whose speech is hushed, whose gaze is dim—  
The minor members of the servants' hall;  
I saw you, Dual Kings, in rapture fall  
On that delicious remnant, ah! I saw  
The light of gladness in your optics' ball,  
I heard the joyous clashing of your jaw,  
I felt the satisfaction of your maw.

How false and fleet my fancy! But who thought  
That he, that vilest little Benjamin,  
Who stays up later than such children ought,  
Had room to take a second helping in!  
But so it was. We saw that child of sin  
Pounce on the precious morsel, feasting twice.  
Your ample frame took on an aspect thin;  
Dead the day's promise. I, as cold as ice,  
Mourned the foiled purpose of my sacrifice.



## THE SOLUTION.

I MUST have looked worn and haggard as I entered Dorinda's mother's drawing-room. Dorinda was alone. She was sitting almost anyhow on the sofa reading a novel, and an extremely frivolous one too, I'm afraid. I don't know what our girls are coming to, especially Dorinda.

"Hullo! dear old thing," she said without moving.

Dorinda is twenty-two and it was high time someone spoke to her about it.

"You should get up and drop a curtsey," I told her. "Now put your book away. Dear, dear, our manners seem to get worse every day."

"Nobody invited you to tea," she said. "However, as the butler's let you in, you'd better stay, I suppose."

I sat down on the only available part of the sofa.

"I hope you will endeavour to be serious, Dorinda," I said. "I do not grudge you your little moment of merriment just now, but you must understand that I have not come here this afternoon to crack jokes with you. Kindly ring for tea."

I waited until the butler had left the room before proceeding.

"As you are aware, Dorinda," I continued, "I am not a Ladies' Man."

She shook her head over the tea-pot. Her hair is perfectly black, and she parts it in the middle and does it down over her ears in two large curly-wurly things. A foolish method.

"So far am I from being a Ladies' Man," I said, "that I sometimes even go to the length of calling myself a misogynist—which is probably rather a long word for you."

"I take your meaning," said Dorinda, "and I am on the brink of tears."

She handed me a cup of tea.

"The prospect of marriage," I went on, "is one which I should contemplate with absolutely no enthusiasm whatever. I am not putting it too strongly?"

"No, you are putting it as gently as you can, but my poor heart is breaking," sobbed Dorinda.

I helped myself to a jam sandwich.

"Another salient characteristic of mine," I pursued, "is that I am very conventional and extremely particular. Almost too much so, I sometimes think."

"You are an example to all of us," said Dorinda.

I think she really meant it.

"Anything in the nature of a—of a flirtation shocks me very much. Very much indeed."

"Oh, it does me too," said Dorinda soberly. "It does."

I surveyed the pattern on the carpet in silence for some moments.

"These principles," I continued, "are very upright and manly, and they do me credit. And in theory they are all right. But there is a difference between theory and practice. It is a little difficult to explain why."

"Oh, it is," said Dorinda, "but you must try to tell me. See, I will hold your hand."

I gave her my hand without demur, and transferred my gaze from the carpet to my boots.

"It may be said that life is full of compromises."

"Certainly it may be said," she assured me, "and it is said too."

"Well, my dear," I concluded, "you are perhaps rather young to understand, but the facts of the matter are these. Last week I became engaged to a girl called Joan. Nothing very much in that, you may say. But wait. Yesterday, in a weak moment, I proposed to, and was accepted by, a wholly separate and distinct girl called Nancy. I slept very badly last night. My health is not good enough to stand these sort of complications. I think people should be more considerate with an invalid like me."

"Which one do you like best?" asked Dorinda.

"Well, really, what an extraordinary question!" I exclaimed. "I can hardly say off-hand. So far as I have examined into the matter, I should think there was very little to choose between them. They've both got rather nice names, haven't they? What do you think I ought to do about it? Why should I be worried like this? I'm afraid to meet them."

"Poor boy," said Dorinda compassionately, "I will marry you and protect you from them."

I sprang up. "That's a splendid idea!" I cried. "Of course, if I were married to you, it would solve the whole difficulty. I could go to Nancy and say quite simply, 'You see how it is, I mean'—and the same with Joan, and it would be all right."

Dorinda, her tears banished, smiled happily up at me.

"Have I helped you, dear old thing?"

"Of course you have," I said. "You are—The Solution."

And it seemed so at the time, but, as I have not yet managed to make the little explanation either to Joan or to Nancy, it occurs to me sometimes in thoughtful moments that I am more deeply involved than ever.

## The New Summer Dish.

From a City bill-of-fare:—

"Minced Bee and Poached Egg."

## PACIFIC FASHIONS.

[There is a tremendous amount of excitement just now in fashionable Fijian circles. Their fashion-determinator is expected to return from London with the very newest modes designed to meet local requirements.]

THOUGH the sun is gaily glancing  
On a sea of bluest blue,  
Though the little waves are dancing  
As they almost always do,  
For the nonce we find the weather  
Unimportant altogether.

We have other things to think of—  
Things that call for all our care—  
Are we not upon the brink of—  
Hearing what we ought to wear?  
Yes, awaiting the momentous  
News that London town has sent us?

For the ship at any minute  
May be steaming up the roads,  
Bearing (precious freight) within it  
All the very latest modes;  
Modes that our determinator  
Has designed with their creator.

Ye, by whom our fates are moulded,  
We are all agog to see  
If our loin-cloths should be folded  
Into two or into three;  
'Tis a question that perplexes  
All the smart of both the sexes.

Are we wearing vine- or fig-leaves  
When we make our bows at court?  
Is it small or is it big leaves?  
Are our girdles long or short?  
Is it pinnies for the body?  
Or are pinnies quite *démodés*?

What of ornaments and so forth?  
Shall the gayest of our sparks  
Deck their noses when they go forth  
With the teeth of pigs or sharks?  
Have the bones of soles and flounders  
Now become the wear of bounders?

Waft, ye winds, oh, waft your hardest!  
Speed upon thy fateful cruise  
Like a bird, O ship that guardest  
In thy hull the latest news!  
Slumber there can be no more for us  
Till we know what lies in store for us.

"In order to raise money to clear his church of debt the Rev. T. Smith, vicar of Greenhill, Harrow, resolved never to wear a hat until all liabilities were paid."—*Daily Mirror*.

On a technicality the vicar escapes the charge of "going round with the hat."

"I think I must have been born unlucky."  
'What makes you say that?'  
'Well, for instance, I went to a cricket match once. There were twenty-two players on the field, two umpires, and 10,000 people looking on, and—the ball hit me!'—*Pearson's Weekly*.  
How to brighten cricket—let the whole eleven bat at once.



## ON CHOOSING A PIANO.

[A few suggestions by a well-known Clerk of the Scales.]

Select a piano as you would a hunter—or a wife.

There are several breeds of pianos—the Cottage, the Baby Grand, the Upright Grand, the Semi-Grand, the Grand, the Double Grand and the Gorgeous. The last-named, embellished with folding doors and jewelled in sixteen holes, it is at once a thing of beauty and a cabinet of mystery. When your host throws open its ornamental portals you begin to wonder if he is going to look for a clean collar or to show you the razor-edged crease on his new evening trousers. When he seats himself before it you imagine that he has forgotten your presence and is about to attend to his correspondence, and when the flag falls the beauty of the first few opening bars of one of MENDELSSOHN'S "Songs Without Words" is lost upon you.

Having decided on the kind of piano you want, or your wife wants, or the most important member of your household insists upon having, you enter the establishment in which this particular breed is stabled. Have courage.

Take a good look round first, with an eye to form and colour. Avoid the chestnuts and light bays. A good up-standing dark roan will probably attract your attention before long. Approach it in a soothing manner on the near side. Spend a moment in admiring the straight foreleg tapering to the fetlock or castor-joint, and before exposing the keyboard open the man-hole at the top and peer into the place "where the notes come from." This will convince the groom in attendance that you are not a novice. If the light is bad strike a match, but not on the polished top; strike only on the back of the box, where the wood is plain. Note the position of the carburetters, and having satisfied yourself that the thing is fitted throughout with the Major's special wires and has a good action, open its mouth and have a look at the ivories.

The question now arises: Are they really ivory, or are they bonzaline? You see, it makes such a difference in the angle when playing "The Long Jenny," for instance. Having settled this knotty point to your entire satisfaction you cannot do better than look for a nice G. Most pianos include a few of these in their curriculum. If you can't find one, select an A or a B, or some other easy note, and strike it fairly and squarely. Don't be nervous and fizzle the shot. Tilt your hat on one side so as to rest your ear against the sounding-board. If there is any

## POINTS OF VIEW.



THE RIVER AS IT APPEARS TO THE WINNERS OF AN EASY RACE.



AS IT APPEARS TO THE LOSERS OF A HARD RACE.

wheezing the brute is a roarer, and you should pass on; but if the breathing is quite regular and melodious you are possibly on a good thing and should make excursions among the other notes. Don't be in a hurry. The place doesn't close for another five minutes, and business probably isn't so brisk that the manager will call, "Time, gentlemen, please!" before he has taken your order.

Having assured yourself that the chest and lungs are all right, the pitch has to be considered. Don't pronounce it as too high or too low or too uneven until you have tried a few overs—or overtures, as they are sometimes called.

If not then to your liking have it rolled between the innings and try again.

From a letter in *The Yorkshire Post*:

"The land sharks are abroad rather extensively in this and other districts, and are feathering their own nests most lavishly."

This puts the difference between the land and the sea shark very neatly.

"PERPETUAL MOTION.—The principle of perpetual motion was revealed to me ten years ago. I am willing to communicate it to anyone for £1,000,000. If not true, I claim nothing. What do you advise? (Cyrus, Lampeter.)"

*London Budget.*

Make it 9d., CYRUS, and we'll risk it.

# THE BIRTHDAY.

(Communicated by a Cake-Eater.)

THE 1st of July was Peggy's birthday, and we made up our minds that it was to be a good one. We all love birthdays, except Dad, and he doesn't take the least interest in his own birthday. He says it has come round much too often and he's quite tired of it and doesn't want to hear any more about it. It comes early in January, very soon after Christmas, so we don't mind so much. If it came in April or May or August we should insist on making it a great day, for our family has no feasts or birthdays in those months, and it wouldn't be right to waste a chance of having one of our "joyments and joycings"—that's what John calls them. We all think it would be best for a family to have a birthday in every month of the year; but when I told this to Mum she pretended to give a shriek of horror and said the mere thought of a family of ten children was too terrible. Four were trouble enough, and if she had to provide food and clothes and boots for more than twice as many she thought she would never be able to pay the bills. She would have to pine away into an early grave. So perhaps we had better stay as we are.

Peggy's birthday came on a Monday, and on the Saturday we had all got our presents for her. We all asked her questions so as to find out what she really wanted. Of course we didn't say, "What would you like, Peggy?" We were much more cunning than that. We said, "Peggy, if you had to give something to a little girl of about eight or ten years old, what would you get for her?" Or, "Did you see any nice things in the shop windows when you were in Barksbury yesterday?" It was quite successful, and we found out what she wanted; only John said he must buy her a sewing-machine, because she told him that was the one thing in the world for her, and he asked Dad to give him the money for it. In the end he got her a box of soldiers; but he promised her a sewing-machine next time, and he has already saved up three pennies and a half-penny stamp; but he has licked most of the gum off the stamp, and I don't think it will be much use next July.

Dad got a little trinket, shaped like a heart, with a gold chain for it; and Mum bought her a "Book of Heroes" full of battle-pictures. My present was a paint-box, and Rosie's was a drawing-block. She has already painted the Battle of Waterloo on it, and she has begun the Battle of Balaclava.

It was the hardest work in the world to keep John from telling Peggy all about the presents. She was very sly about it. She promised him a sixpenny aeroplane if he would say, and he was just going to when we came in and put our hands over his mouth. After this we had to watch him very carefully, and, of course, he tried to tease us by nearly telling her, but not quite. He would say, "Dad's present is a—hum, hum, hum, and Helen's present is a box of, box of, box of. Now you know, and I shan't say any more." He made Rosie and me very nervous, but he didn't tell, after all. Dad said we mustn't expect him to help us in curbing John, for he himself felt exactly like John. He said he was so excited he could hardly stop himself from telling Peggy everything, and he thought he would have to go away to Brighton or somewhere till the happy day arrived. I think this was true. Dad doesn't care a bit about his own birthday, but he always takes a tremendous interest in ours, and he wouldn't miss the birthday cake for a thousand pounds. He said so himself. Besides, Peggy is the youngest girl, and Dad always spoils her a little. Once, when he was away from home about two years ago, he wrote her a letter about a tooth of hers

which had dropped out when she was biting a biscuit. This is it. Peggy kept it:—

"DEAR PEGGY,—Your Mother, who sticks to the truth, informs me you've lost a most beautiful tooth: a small one, a white one, a sharp, not a blunt one; a tooth that was seen, since the tooth was a front one; and she adds in a tone which, no doubt, she thinks witty, that the loss of the tooth doesn't make you more pretty!

"When the news came, dear Peggy, I tore out my hair, knocked my head on the floor and gave way to despair; beat my face to a jelly and sliced off a leg, just to show how I grieved for the toothlet of Peg. But I'll sew on my leg and my face I'll restore, take my head off the planks and be cheerful once more, for I've somehow remembered what once I was told—that a new tooth will come in the place of the old. In the meantime, dear Peggy, be good and keep tidy and remember I'm coming to hug you on Friday; and I hope, oh, I hope, you'll be jolly and glad (though you're minus a tooth) in the arms of  
Your DAD."

It was Rosie who first found out that this letter was in poetry. It doesn't look like it, though.

I have almost forgotten to say that the birthday went off splendidly. Peggy screamed for joy over all her presents, and we all enjoyed the cake with nine candles and the crackers after tea. My birthday comes next, but it's weeks and weeks away.

## GLEN, A SHEEP-DOG.

I KEN there isna a p'int in yer heid,  
I ken that ye're auld an' ill,  
An' the dogs ye focht in yer day are deid,  
An' I doot that ye've focht yer fill;  
Ye're the dourest deevil in Lothian land,  
But, man, the he'rt o' ye's simply grand;  
Ye're done an' doited, but gie's yer hand  
An' we'll thole ye a while still.

A daft-like character aye ye've been  
Sin the day I brocht ye hame,  
When I bocht ye doon on the Caddens green  
An' gied ye a guid Scots name;  
Ye've spiled the sheep an' ye've chased the stirk,  
An' rabbits was mair tae yer mind nor work,  
An' ye've left i' the morn an' stopped till mirk,  
But I've keepit ye a' the same.

Mebbe ye're failin' an' mebbe I'm weak,  
An' there's younger dogs tae fee,  
But I doot that a new freen's ill tae seek,  
An' I'm thinkin' I'll let them be;  
Ye've whiles been richt whaur I've thocht wrang,  
Ye've liked me weel an' ye've liked me lang,  
An' when there's ane o' us got tae gang—  
May the guid Lord mak' it me.

## Lines on Three Lady Novelists.

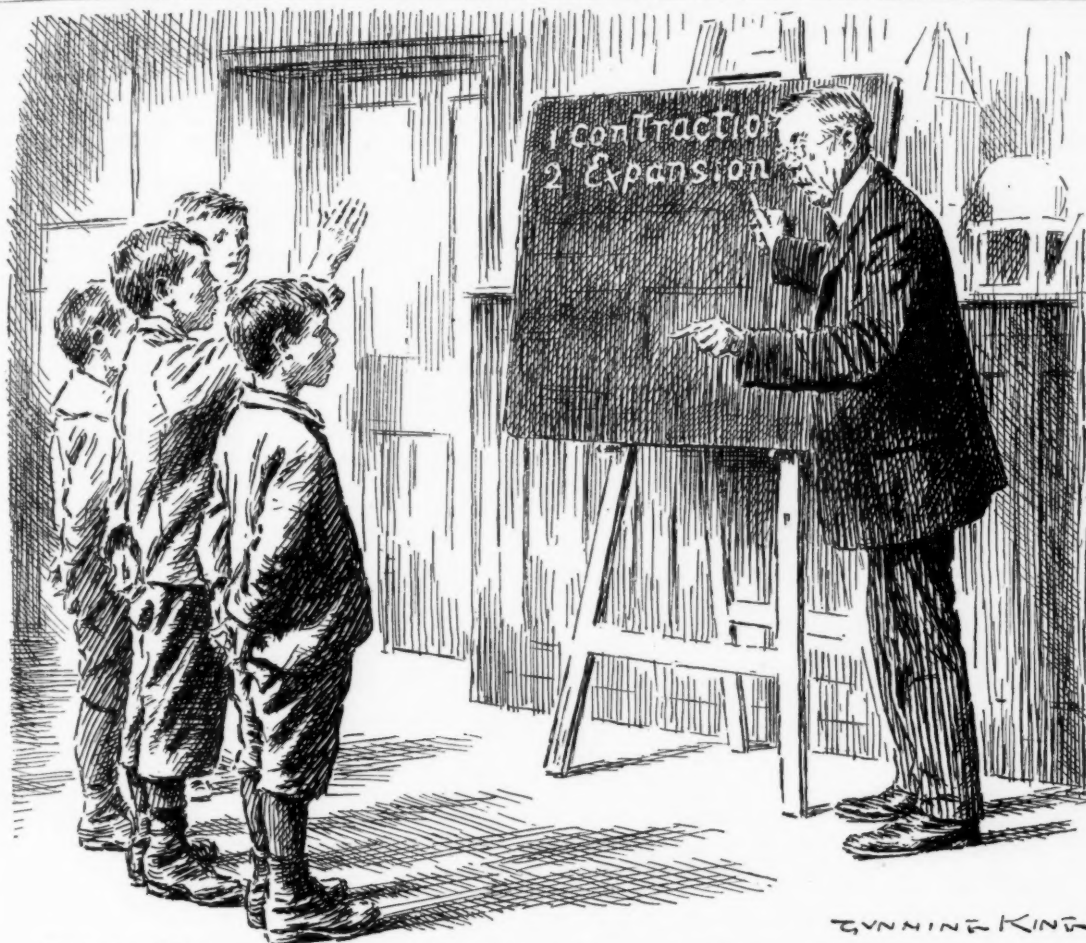
(With apologies to Dryden.)

Three Sibyls, in three diff'rent decades born,  
Caused the judicious grievously to mourn.  
The first in cataclysmic gush surpassed;  
The next in lusciousness; in both the last.  
Nature, exhausted by the BARCLAY boom,  
Demands a respite till the crack of doom.

From a catalogue of "The World's Greatest Pictures":—

"Jane in the Austrian Tyrol. MacWhirter, J., R.A."

The colouring of the Baedeker is considered a remarkable piece of work.



Schoolmaster. "Now, YOU UNDERSTAND THAT HEAT EXPANDS MATTER AND COLD CONTRACTS IT. GIVE ME AN EXAMPLE."  
Bright Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, THE DAYS ARE LONGEST IN SUMMER."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I LAY aside Mr. C. B. FRY's new book on *Batsmanship* (EVELEIGH NASH), realising that whatever runs I may have made in my cricket career (now closed) were all of no value, since they were all made wrongly. Looking back on the past, after studying the many photographs of perfection in this work, I can see that I stood wrongly, I held my bat wrongly, I lifted it wrongly, I swung it wrongly. In short, the only satisfaction I can feel—and that is a very poor one—is that now and then the runs which I obtained by these deplorable means were of use in swelling the score and thus helping to win the match. But that is nothing; accurate style is the thing. Still, the English captain, although he has robbed so many of my best memories of their joy (for I rather fancied my batting), has provided me also with the materials of reprisal; and I am taking his book to Leeds to watch his innings against the South Africans, with it in my hand, and see exactly why he gets out; for the text itself leaves that point a mystery.

The American "best-seller" is a sort of uncouth growth on literature. It is like nothing else in the world of print.

In what, one asks, does its attraction for its hundred thousand readers consist? As a rule the story is rather dull. In the case of the latest of the species to come to my notice, Mr. CHARLES MAJOR's *The Touchstone of Fortune* (MACMILLAN), the story is extremely dull. The scene is laid at the Court of CHARLES THE SECOND, and the narrative lumbers along without a thrill for two hundred and ninety-eight pages. Yet, in my mind's eye, I can see it being devoured by thousands from the Everglades of Florida to Melonsquashville, Tenn. Why? It is no use the publisher telling me in his preliminary announcement that it "more nearly resembles *When Knighthood was in Flower*, the first great success of this writer, than anything he has since done," for I have never been able to fathom the reasons which induced five hundred thousand people to buy the book he names. No, it is one of those things no fellow can understand. Best-sellers are best-sellers, and that is all that can be said. To me the most interesting thing about *The Touchstone of Fortune* is the breezy American way in which the characters speak. "Do you suppose we could have made a mistake?" asks WENTWORTH, on page 203. "You surely did," says King CHARLES (champing irritably, I have no doubt, at his chewing-gum as he spoke). And, say, Mr. MAJOR, while I remember it, your grammar sure



is on the blink. A high-toned genius like you, way up among the great American novelists, shouldn't ought to hand out a sentence like "Frances was the last girl who I should have supposed capable of dying of love." Cut out this line of talk, CHARLES, or back to the bench for yours.

*The Panel* (CONSTABLE) has put me in something of a quandary. If Mr. FORD MADOX HUEFFER, for whose gifts as an author I have the highest appreciation, had come to me and said, "I am now going to tell you a funny story," I should undoubtedly have been delighted. I should have heard the tale throughout with attention, and at the end might—if asked for it—have given an opinion judiciously blending friendship and diplomacy in the usual proportions. But to a third person who should seek my counsel on the subject, all I could honestly say would be, "Mr. HUEFFER is in his own line both an artist and a genius; as a painter of historical prose-pictures he has few rivals. But for goodness' sake don't let him tell you the story that he calls funny, for it bored me to death!" Well, I am sorry to say that has to stand as my considered judgment upon *The Panel*. What it was all about is difficult to tell, because

not one of the characters seemed to me sufficiently real to produce any definite impression. There was a Major Foster, who appeared to have been flirting with several farcical young women, all of whom turned up as his fellow-guests in the same country house. And there was a Lady Nancy, who pretended to be a servant in order to fascinate him—though it is only fair to add that the Major knew his GOLDSMITH, and was no more imposed upon by this ancient manoeuvre than I was. But oh, the dreariness of all their antics! I shall have to read *Ladies Whose Bright Eyes* again at once in order to recall Mr. HUEFFER in his best mood.

"To me the work of making the mind clear by first-hand experience is the holy alchemy of life. I call it Solemnisation, but I recognise it also under the mask of Levity." That is the preface to *The Solemnization of Jacklin*, by FLORENCE FARR (FIFIELD). Evidently a very clever and profound book. But I should have been obliged if the author had made up her mind whether she wished to produce a piece of flippantly unpleasant phantasy or of even less agreeable but wholesome realism. There is no story to speak of, but a series of attractions and repulsions which go to make the higher Alchemy. *Jacklin* marries, philanders, divorces, marries again, and is finally solemnized into taking back her first husband. My own Solemnization (which I recognised under the mask of Boredom) had taken place earlier, but I persevered manfully in the hope of finding justification for the pretentious brevity of that preface. I think there are indignations and sincerities under these strewn leaves of a reckless verbiage and an even more reckless philosophy. But the author's medium is not the novel. And in any case, with the ills of life as bad as they are, I

despair of her "holy alchemy" as a universal solvent for them.

Mr. Robert Lindsay, of Wester Mearns, who was intended for the Kirk, but unhappily got sent down from Glasgow College, and thereafter left his home and set out to see the world, acknowledges in one passage of *Dead Men's Bells* (SECKER), which is the story of his adventures as narrated or rather edited by FREDERICK NIVEN, the debt that he owes to DANIEL DEFOE. All the same, I consider Mr. Lindsay something of a niggard in confessions of gratitude; for when I tell you that he set out for the Carolinas in a ship whose captain intended to wreck her for the benefit of the owner; that the captain was a drunkard and bullied his cabin-boy; that Mr. Lindsay made friends with the mate, Mr. Wylie, a canny man but no believer in women; that the ship was run down by a pirate vessel, and that Messrs. Wylie and Lindsay escaped by clinging to the pirates' bowsprit; that they were wrecked on the West Highland coast and took to the heather; that they were entertained in the Appin country by men who feared the red-coats and hated the CAMPBELLS—you will

begin to understand that we should not have been very likely to hear the sound of *Dead Men's Bells* (which is another name for fox-gloves) if STEVENSON had never written *Kidnapped*. Putting aside the unabashed plagiarism of his theme, Mr. NIVEN tells a good story, gives a fine impression of the lonely grandeur of Highland scenery, is an expert navigator, and possibly uses a better Scots dialect than the

compromise employed by R. L. S. And, at any rate, I have to thank him heartily for rousing in me once more the delicious if vicarious thrill of STUART hatred for the names of LOVAT and ARGYLL.

In the generous comely girth  
Of Col. ST. QUINTIN'S *Chances*  
Of *Sport Of Sorts* there is fact and mirth  
For a dozen superb romances.

Hardly a goal to be won  
With a rod or a rein or a rifle  
But he has reached with a bumper of fun,  
And the risk ticked off as a trifle.

And he's made, with a hand well-skilled,  
Not, as your smoke-room crack would,  
A tedious tale of Things I've Killed,  
But a tip-top volume (BLACKWOOD).

"The order and discipline of this splendid fleet are superb. It is ready to go anywhere and do nothing."—*Daily Mail*.

Surely this is an understatement. There must be some hidden talent in the Navy for doing something, which a timely *Daily Mail* competition might reveal.



Visitor (seeking information). "EXCUSE ME, BUT ARE YOU THE OLDEST INHABITANT?"  
Native. "NO, SIR; I BE ONLY THE VILLAGE IDIOT."